

## Day 9: Blue by PaperBodies

**Series:** [Harringrove April Challenge \[4\]](#)

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** M/M, Pre-Relationship, a lil ficlet, some top-notch pining

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**Characters:** Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

**Relationships:** Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

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**Summary:**

“What’s your favorite color?” Billy asked, because they did this now sometimes. They sat at the quarry and shared some beers or some cigarettes, and they asked each other stupid questions so they wouldn’t have to talk about anything real. Like the way Billy’s shoulders were tight every morning when he arrived at school, and then gradually came down from around his ears over the course of the day, right up until he was standing next to his car again, knowing that he had to go home. Or the way Steve showed up some days with dark circles under his eyes, and a blank expression on his face, and hands that shook unless he was fidgeting with something.

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“Yellow,” Steve replied after a lengthy pause. “Or gold, really.” Billy smiled.

“Like a crown?” he asked a little mockingly. “For a princess?” Steve snorted at that.

“Pretty sure that’s yours now,” he said. Billy wondered if there was more than one meaning there. “More like...the sun,” Steve said. Billy nodded, but didn’t say anything. “Your turn,” Steve prompted him eventually.

“Blue,” Billy said decisively. It was Steve’s turn to grin.

“Like your own eyes?” he asked. “Man, your ego really knows no bounds.” His tone was teasing. Billy hoped that it meant something, that Steve was thinking about his eyes. It probably didn’t.

*Not like that at all*, Billy thought, but he smirked and said, “Yours wouldn’t either, if you looked like this.” Steve huffed a laugh and shook his head.

What Billy couldn’t say to Steve yet, or probably ever, was that he had a whole different set of blues in mind. The blue of Steve’s stupid soft cashmere sweater, for example, that rode up just a little bit when he fidgeted in his seat in English class, exposing a tantalizing hint of skin.

Or the blue of the Indiana sky on the clear, freezing January day when Billy had finally apologized for Steve's face after weeks of wanting to, and Steve had just looked at him for a long moment and then nodded once and bumped his shoulder and said, "You know there's no actual rule that says you have to be a dick all the time, right?"

"But I'm so good at it," Billy had replied, and Steve had laughed—actually *laughed*—and they had walked to class side by side.

Billy loved the blue of the light from Steve's pool on his face, making him look ethereal and even more beautiful, the first night he actually invited Billy over and they shared a cigarette in Steve's backyard after watching a movie.

The blue of the Indiana wildflowers that he would pick for Steve, if only everything about his life was different.

The blue cover of the book of poetry he read sometimes, thinking about Steve.

The blue of the Pacific Ocean—he wanted to see Steve's expression when he saw the vast expanse of it for the first time.

And blues he hadn't even seen yet. The color of Steve's lips after Billy bought him a blue raspberry shaved ice from the tiny place just a few blocks from the beach. What Steve's face looked like in the blue darkness of a shared bedroom late at night, the two of them wrapped up in their own world and each other.

Eventually Billy broke the comfortable silence between them.

"I'd ask what your favorite food is, but it would be futile since you've never even had good tacos."

"Excuse me? I have definitely had good tacos," Steve shot back.

"Uh, you grew up *here*. Where the hell do you think you actually found good tacos?" Steve scoffed in mock outrage and then they were deep into a meaningless discussion about food.

Billy smiled and looked out over the quarry as they argued about

nothing, and he dreamed about having everything.

**Author's Note:**

Day 9: blue

Just a sweet lil ficlet after yesterday's got away from me.

The poetry book is a collection of poems from the Romantic poets because our Billy Hargrove would ABSOLUTELY vibe with Lord Byron, who was an unhinged slutty drama queen. I am prepared to die on this hill.